

"The Broom of the War God."

"All the flotsum and jetsum of humanity, the ragged edges of society, swent up by The Broom of the War God." The last six words of this quotation have furnished Henry Noel Brailsford with a title for his war nevel of the Greek and the Turk in this book Mr. Brailsford has described the adventures of a very mixed commany of men, comprising nearly every tace in the globe and widely different matimalities, through a campaign of the late war.

It was owing to Mrs. Masem that the Takes, through a campaign of the late war. of men, comprising nearly every race in the globe and widely different nationalities, through a campaign of the late war in Crete. The story is told in a direct concise and vivid way, without any posing for effect. Mr. Brailsford is one of the men who do not imitate anybody. He is brief without being exclamatory; descriptive without being exclamatory; descriptive without being stappy, his metaphors are vivid, as when he says of an approaching shell that it cuts its way through the sake of turning a pretappent of the sake of turning a pretappent in the hook in probably the one called "Dios frae," in which a battle is described in a way that sets the reading long; but we liked and causes hard linear of briefly and causes hard linear form themselves round his mouth. It is uncaratabled truth, but given dwamatically, One of the finest passages in this chapter is that in which the little group of infantry walt, under firs, for a shell to drop in their midet. It is rather too had to quote any part of this chapter without the passages in this chapter is that in which the little group of infantry walt, under firs, for a shell to drop in their midet. It is rather too had to quote any part of this chapter without the passages in this chapter is that in which the little group of infantry walt, under firs, for a shell to drop in their midet. It is rather too had to quote any part of this chapter without the passages in this chapter is that in which the little group of infantry walt, under firs, for a shell to drop in their midet. It is rather too had to quote any part of this chapter without the passages in this chapter is that in which the little group of infantry walt, under firs, for a shell to drop in their midet. It is rather too had to quote any part of this chapter without the passages in this chapter is that in which he had not to the passage with t

Smith looked tack to the company these share that was, shi "His face was fluctured, less share that was, shi "His face was fluctured, you can't, bearer, nearer, "to the shell, "That was trapped, you can tell him by the noise. If that or bud burst 'e'd ave made a mose of some of a. Queer noise, ain't it, though?"
"H's like an overhead each railway in a draper's allege," said Simpson.
Gartigan was sitting on the ground, his head in his hands, the picture of dejection. He had not have been able to adjust himself to the strangent measurement of war, and here was the most be cildering circumstance of all. He gave was uterly. He felt binnell already a red jelly with a thousand shells pounding his caredes. "There is, Cortigan, man," said Officien to him. "you've in ever chaine with the rest of its. Never say he the contraction was a small with a west at terms stricken are said himself with a west at terms stricken because himself with a west at terms stricken.

as an irrelavance.

Most of the men were cleaning their rifes.

There seemed to be a meaning in the set, when
there came at intervals the bosoning of a gun
from the plain or the health behind. Mick, the
Armenian, who had had himself transferred to Armenia, who had his hisser transferent the English comming, was bong condering lift services here and there colling a cigarette. The Cocyberl, he fitting a hit of rag into Mide Cock's remed. Marvo was still sertining I plain and the miscensents of the black squares mayor it. He was singing Wolfram's sorie for Tannianuser softly to himself, almost oney

gratulations to the stocker. "That shirts short, anybow. They must have spotted us, and they've bound the range? The next shell will do for some of us." If was Smith's opinion, and Smith was a jure

Then came a quick Summer shower, the sun-

No book of the year, perhaps, contains a passage finer in its simplicity than this last. The rest of the chapter, describ-ing the heat of actual battle, the marching and the retreat with the wounded. the report of a man who has been in a barile and has a trained mind with which to write about it. The comparison which involuntarily suggests itself, of course, i to Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Cour-age," and some of Kipling's work it "Soddier Stories." But Mr. Brailsford's work is so different from either of these that there is really no comparison. Crane's story is that of a common raw American recruit. It is the story of a bettle very much as that recruit would have told it had he been killed and re incornated in the nerson of a college bo Ripling's tales are many-sided, the var-led impressions of the officer, the com-mon soldier, and the newspaper correspondent. They are ant to be essential force which is not like either of these Perhaps he may be said to feal with men in the mass, in an impersonal way, and in the episade of the Sommer shower there is an odd touch of psychologica analysis, which neither of the other au thors would have given in precisely the same fashion. Crane would hardly have put it in at all: Kipling would have put it in the mouth of some soldier. In spits of its vividness, the work of this latest chronicler of battles has a curiously calm and judicial sir, as of a disembodied may yet take its place among the classi an agricultural report. But this book (New York: D. Appleton & Co. Wash-

"Boston Neighbours."

Among the Spring publications ap-"Boston Neighbours in Town and Out, by Agnes Blake Poor. The cover presents a sober and dainty design, apparently the roof of one of those half-ancient, halfmodern homes which are to be found near the Hub-homes with all the traditions of the Mayflower and all the conveniences of modern investion. The russet and pale blue qualitness of this cover is a good index to the book itself. The stories and all of Hoston and its suburbs, of happen ings in that circle where, as its apostle Howells, says, Essexes have married Suffolks for 200 years. The first of the ser-"Our Tolstol Club," will be rememof Boston called by the irreverent "Baby-

drams. Gradually, however, the far-off gunners take closer and closer aim, and the danger becomes imminent. This action goes on:

Then came a strange grinding noise as if the mills of the gods moved through the air. It mills of the gods moved through the air. It have no seemed britating's slow, yet still it moved, and however their india rubbers on wet days!

The way in which a scandal, or the be-lief of one, came to prevail in this inno-cent and purring little community, makes up the rest of the story, and a very bright little story it is. The others, up the rest of the story, and a very bright little story it is. The others, though perhans a trifle less novel, are or-iginal and full of humor, and the charac-ter study is extremely artistic. "A lat-tic Fool," "Three Cups of Tea," and "The Tramps" Wedding" are perhans a shade the best of the remaining seven. The book is the sort of book that can be writ-ted by a very clover woman who knows ten by a very clever woman who knows and likes her environment, yet is eelectic enough to see the unconscious humor of the people around her. The aristocratic Boston dame without any manners, the real Boston gentlewoman with the sweet-est passible manners, the commonplace girl, the beauty, the girl who begins plain chance with the rest of m. Never say
for the mount he raised his shary bead
of his mouth, and then the jam fell again
in himself with a sect of turns stricken
in granded. "Lave me alone, will ye?"
is interference of his coturned was for a
a distinguishable item in the mass of
and fear that lay within him
alord item in the most of
the mouth of his fife. He was pole
tained; but his fare was set with the resolve
in which does his daty and front his fear
reference.

I he were never cleaning their rife.

I he were never cleaning their rife.

I he were never all here and drawn with
delicate clearness. The author has not
written a great book, but it is a good one,
and of a kind to afford the reader a happy hour, oblivious of outward surroundlings.

(New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Washington: All booksellers.)

John Oliver Hobben. Four series of varying length are bound up together under the title "The board up together under the "The Tales of John Oliver Hobbes." It may be lukewarm praise, but it is just, to say, that for these who like them they are all right. They are of the sort of fection which requires a particular variety of palate for its proper appreciation. The first, "Some Emotions and a Moral," is a fair sample of the four. It is clever,

I should not want it.

Figure 1 is a special of the state of the state

This interesting chap proceeds to fall n love with a girl who is a thorough equette, and takes his experience as slemnly as if it were the one new hing in the universe. Of course, it is thing in the universe. Of course, it is not, but the reader is led to suppose it is. Another idea spread out in conver-sation, although there is a suspicion that the author is laughing at this, is the notion which seems to prevail in certain circles with regard to the value of money. People with less than two thousand a year are regarded as on the verge of signvation, and anything—even tive manager for want of zeal, and is verge of starvation, and anything—even a mercenary marriage on the part of man or woman—is to be resorted to in order to escape such a fate. One wonders if the author of the book really expects to find her readers entirely among and the destroying of cows. Brahmans, of

rooms, is somewhat more dramatic and vivid in its situations, and the beroins. Anna Christian, is a live woman, with a same, and there is a grim, satiric humor about the thing which justifies the
tills of comedy. The endgram at the
end is one of the author's best. It is:

A fresh contribution to the lit. If the gods have no sense of humor they must

terp a great deal.

There are some more epigrams in "A study in Temptations," indeed this tale of the fact of the Another sententious stiterance is "Death in grotesque circum-stances is none the less death, and the marist to a fool's cause is still a maryr." Still another nicely-framed sen-ence is as follows:" To do things decently and in order is the very rhythm of ex-

The last tale in the book is called by the scinating name of "A Bundle of Life. The character drawing with which this begins is extremely good in its way, and its way is as follows:

its way is as follows:

Sir Sydaey Warrop was a gentleman who had been born with many good and perfect gliffs, but had paymed them to his adversary for a few cashs of braindy and a little sola. In his early manifeed he had been considered a handsome, fashing young back of the old whood, a three-cottle brain, a said one in the case, as in that of many, the substitution of many desgreeable virues for a few atoning sine. Once over generous, we was now innegatively marked to loving, he was now injectedlessed, more midd, he was now impressibled, more middle he middle he middle he manifered in these letters is an interesting one, however, and may be compared to a series of flash-light photographs. Napoboon is found cajoling, menacing, threatening, coaxing, denouncing, with the unions frankness or the intensity of proposed to a series of flash-light photographs. Napoboon is found cajoling, menacing, threatening, coaxing, denouncing, with the unions frankness or the intensity of proposed to a series of flash-light photographs. Napoboon is found to a series of flash-light photographs with other public men.

The pleature revealed in these letters is an interesting one, however, and may be compared to a series

The flavor, and polite religion.

The tale of the two children, one of whom was always "good and forgiving." sharps always "good and forgiving." sharps of the prince flagor with the queen of Eroria. It has many about in they were had for her, and giving them to her communion which act of self-ano. they were bad for her, and giving them to her companion, which act of self-sacrifice was rendered less amazing by the fact that the generous one did not like plums—the story of the meeting of these children, grown to muture years, and the recurrence of that little old story in the memory of one, and the patrouizing attitude of the other, are also fine touches in this "Bundle of Life." The sister who in childhood was good and forgiving, follows up the plum episode by Informing the erring Blanche, "As for you, I can make no excuse on the ground of your age, for I

always blame the woman in such cases, and to my mind, it does not matter in the least whether she were sixteen or sixty. There is a good deal of silk-petitiont and cynicism in the story, and several rather unindividual lovers move listlessly through its pages. Like the most of the rest of the book, it lacks continuity and force. The whole volume would be more entertaining if all the bright sketches of character and sayings of witty men and women, usually cynics, could ty men and women, usually cycles, could be taken out of it and either published by themselves or combined with the work of some one who really understood the making of plots. As it is, the book is one's place.
(New York: Frederick A. Stoke Washington: Marrison, \$1.50.)

Indian Literature. Sun-Steeped Linux and "facular linux is the first of a series of five works on racial and national literature. The other four, which are in preparation, will be on the literary history of France, by Marcel Schwob; that of Ireland, by Douglas Hyde; that of the Jews, by Israel Abrahams, and that of the United States, by Barrett Wendell, of Harvard University. The intellectual and artistic achievement of a nation is something awart from her politics, and deserver. It is considered, a chronicle by itself. The present volume bears a motto from

Wer den Dichter will verstehen Muss in Dichters Lausle geben,

or, roughly translated, he who would understand the poet must know the poet's

The history of India is a labyrinth requiring much time thought and patience to penetrate. Its literary history shares with its political history the Oriental and intricate quality of thought which makes the mind of the Hindu almost incomprehensible to the Westerner. Mr. Frazer's work is a synopsis rather than anything else. He gathers together the salient points of Indian literature, and without trying to go into too many details, gives one a reasonably clear idea of the life and thought of the Hindu. In the beginning, it appears, the fair-skinned Aryan race came into India through the Khyber Pass, displacing the darker skinned aborigines; and the author brings out an idea which will be unfamiliar to most people, that the complicated caste system of that country had its origin in race prejudice. It was a desparate attempt to keep the race of the conquered. Every known penalty seems to have licen made to made to the conducted them. The history of India is a labyrinth requered. Every known penalty seems to have licen used to prevent this result, and the mixed races in all their shades, condemned as far as possible to be servants of the pure Aryan. Some of the tribulations of the English in India may be accounted for by the knowledge of this fact. The Vedic Hymns seem to have been the only thing preserved of the original traditions of the invading Aryans. These tribes seem never to have been very numerous, and the way in which they spread themselves over the vast territory of India made it impossible for them to have a really united ma-tionality. The casts system thus grew up and was interfused with traditional religion, the religion, again, partaking of the trivial characteristics of the people in various parts of India. The religious, social and literary thought of the people thus became thoroughly combined in their literature.

Much of the ground covered in this

Much of the ground covered in this book has already been traversed by Max Muller in his various works on the origin and growth of the world's religions and the world's literature. The beginning of literature in India, as in other nations, seems to have been the hymn. Thence in the effort to think back to the foundation of things and the origin and destiny of the soul, came metaphysical and philosophical speculation, in which India has gone deeper, probably, than any Western nation is now aware. The research of English savants into the occultism of India, dates back a comparatively short time, and it is quite possibound up together under the fille "The Tales of John Oliver Hobbes." It may be lakewarm praise, but it is just, to say that for those who like them they are all right. They are of the sort of fetion which requires a particular variety of palate for its proper appreciation. The first "Some Emotions and a Moral," is a fair sample of the four. It is clever, and so are some of the people in it. The most that can be said of them is that they are clever, they are not especially good, or happy, or interesting. They breathe out the end-of-the-scentury weariness of all things which seems to be the supplementations. The first "Green and the drama. The drama lardly be translated. Much of it has root in the beginnings of tribal existroot in the beginnings of ence, and is comprehensible only by a

point of view, the most interesting of all Here the author treats of the foreignein the land, and the fusing of old and new in such movements as the higher education in colleges and universities. and the Brahmo-Somaj in religion. maryelous quickness of adaptation shows by the Hindu is exemplified in the de-scription of the work of English-educates Hindus in the novel, the poom and the drama. There are poems, written in the comparatively unmanageable language of the English, with the trople fervor and intensity of spirit burning through the lines. There is an account of a play, bitthe class to whom such ideas will seem
the most natural thing in the world.
That class must be larger in London
than it is here, if that is the case.
"The Sinner's Comedy," a tale of Bohemian studies and presale drawingrooms, is somewhat more dramatic and
wird in its situations, and the destroying of cows, Brahmans, of
women, and the burning of cows, Brahmans, of
are become my ornaments." The play is
a curious and rather grotesque mixture
thought and burlesque of the Englishman.
What the end of this unique fusion or
conflict or both, between an old and comorder of cows, Brahmans, of wivid in its situations, and the heroing.
Anna Christian, is a live woman, with a
heart and a soul to do, to dure and to
suffer. Most of the daring and the
suffering are for objects perfectly unworthy, but the woman is real, all the

Charles Scribner's Sons.

Letters of Napoleon

A fresh contribution to the literature of Napoleon has appeared in the shape of "New Letters From Napoleon," edited by M. Leon Lecestre, which will doubtless prove interesting to students. As may be supposed, most of the important letters of the great man are already included in the published collections, the present volume is a sort of collection of sweepings. Some of them relate to the Emperor's quarrels with his family and with the Pope, and were suppressed wholesale. One, for example, contains some lively remarks about the marriage of Lucien Bonaparte, and others have to do with Bonaparte, and others have to do with more or less intimate details of political plans. The letters are unedited, and give one a picture of Napoleon as he was in his most serret moods, with his family, his friends and his confidential advisors.

thereughly clear that I disapproved what you as-cribed to me. You will realize the discomfort this will cause you. I beg, then, that you will neither speak of me, nor of France. \* \* I thank you for the interest you take in my health. I should not think it very sineers. If I were to seek its proof in your speeches, in which you strive to harmsh my glory—if that were possible to a main like you, who has done nothing at all.

And So, one wind you or One were in

And so on, and so on. One sees it many of these let as, what it was that made Napoleon great. He knew exactly what he wanted, an how to get it. These qualities are rarely combined. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Wash

E. F. Benson's New Book.

"The Vintage," a story of the ar of independence, is by E. F. Benson, he author of "Dodo," who is to be congratulated on a marked improvement ince that work appeared. This Greek tory is not a tremendous novel, but it is good clean, wholesome interesting ale, with people in it who are alive and may no affectations nor time to develop may. The hero, first of all, engages one's compathy. He is Mirson, a youth of sighteen or nineteen called by his friends "Little Mirson," despite his six feet of height, because he has a certain innocent and delightful brighness about aim in all neight, because he has a certain more and delightful boyidiness about him in all his adventures. He is one of those youths described by Bromfield Corry as an Ancestor—a simple, hearry, wholescouled and ambitious youngster, with an idea of duty ambifious youngster, with an idea of duty and some emotions, and a good, shrewal mother wit of his own. There is no pose about him, and if he is an Ancestor, by does not know it, which is one of the prime qualifications for that place. This how appears in the first chapter classing a cat, being still a thorough hoy. His evolution into a lover is described in a humorous and appearant their way, and as amorous and sympathetic way, and ; g one to watch.

Another interesting character in the ale is Mitsos uncle Nicholas, an ath-etic hero who is the demigod of his oung nephew, and still another, for a few pages here and there, is Suleima. young nephew, and still another, for a few mages here and there, is Suleima, the Greek girl kept in a Turkish harem, with whom, in stolen moments. Mitsosfalls in love. There are no prettier 'noidents in the story than those which deal with their meeting, their half-unconstous wooling, as simple and direct as if they were a faun and a nymph on old Mount ida, and their hasty parting. The book is rather weak in its plot, if it has one, being merely a series of incidents, but that does not greatly matter. (New York: Harper & Bros. Washington: All booksellers.) on: All booksellers.)

California Wild Flowers.

"The Wild Flowers of California," by Mary Elizabeth Parsons, is a work which will be of considerable use to sojourners in the "Land of Sunshine." It is illustrat ed very skillfully by Margaret Warriner Buck. Both text and illustrations are evidently the work of enthusiastic lovers of wild flowers, especially of Californian wild flowers, and though the arrange ment of the book is rather unscientific the flowers being grouped according to olor and succession in the seasons, to tead of by families, that will not trouble the unscientific botanist, who will find the descriptions most interesting. There is no key to the book, and some arrangenent had to be made; therefore this was

dopted. The language of the book does not prethen to be altogether scientific, either, the flowers being described in terms remark-ably free from technical polysyllables. There is a short technical description at the head of the page, followed by a picthe head of the page, followed by a pic-turesque and dainty description of the home, habits and general appearance of the plant. Here and there traditions, superstitions, and bits of history con-nected with the flower are briefly given, as in the description of the "grease-wood," the gum of which is said to be used by the Indian as a cement. Yar-row, which is one of our common weeds here as well as in California, is said to here as well as in California, is said to be used in Sweden as a substitute for hops in brewing beer, and also—save the mark!—as a most potent love-charm. The colloquial names and medicinal use f common herbs are also given, and it rould be a good tiling for any botanist iterested in the history and traditions f plants to own this book, even if not atemplating a California trip, because so many common flowers are found on both sides the continent. (San Francisco: William Doxey; At the Sign of the Lark. Washington: Bren-

Mark Twain's Debts "It has been reported that I sacrificed for the benefit of the creditors, the prop erty of the publishing firm whose finan rial backer I was, and that I am now les for. I intend the lectures, as well as the property, for the creditors. The law recognizes no mortgage on a man's brain. nd a merchant, who has given up all he has, may take advantage of the laws of nsolvency and start free again for him-elf. But I am not a business man, and conor is a harder master than the law It cannot compromise for less than 19 It cannot compromise for less than list cents on the dollar, and its debts never outlaw. I had a two-thirds interest in the publishing firm, whose capital I furnished. If the firm had prospered I should have expected to collect two-thirds of the profits. As it is, I expect to pay all the debts. My payment has no resources and I do My partner has no resources, and I not look for assistance from him. not look for assistance from him. By far the largest single creditor of this firm is my wife, whose contributions in cash, from her private means, have nearly equaled the claims of all the others combined. She has taken noth-ing. On the contrary, she has helped, and intends to help me, to satisfy the obligations due to the rest. It is my intention to ask my confiners to access intention to ask my creditors to accept that as a legal discharge, and trust to my honor to pay the other 50 per cent us fast as I can care it. From my reeption thus far on my lecturing tour, ception thus far on my lecturing tour, I am confident that if I live I can pay aff the last debt within four years, after which, at the age of sixty-four, I can make a fresh and unincumbered start in life. I am going to Australia. India and South Africa, and next year I hope to make a tour of the great cities of the United States. I meant, when I began, to give my creditors all the benefit of this, but I begin to feel that I am gaining something from it too, and that my div-idends, if not available for banking pur-

deenes, if not available for banking pur-poses, may be even more satisfactory than theirs."
"The last touch is very fine, both as lit-erature and as feeling. He has gained something, and that is the esteem of all men of honor throughout the world. This act is the best of all critical commenta-ries on the high moral teaching of his books. He needs all the encouragement of sympathy. He has puld his debts, but he has still to make another fortune, and he is sixty-three!"

They say there's goin' to be a war, the fiercest we've had yit; Maria says it's got to come, an' that jist set-tles it; An' when it comes, though I'm a patri's, pure in grit an' grain, I'm teared my forman natur'il make me sympa-thize with Spain.

That may seem mighty quare to you, but first That no Maria's vowed a vow that she's jist been' ter go. An' having spesial cause to know her pattern of

An' though I've read about the way poor Cuby's had to stend. The cruel passecutions of them folks from Wey-ler's land, I must declar, I can't from tech of pity quite refrain When thinkin' what'll happen when Maria tack-les Spain.

For when she gets her war paint on she's jest a

Of averlanche, tornader, cyclone, bum, an' dy-An' after this ere conflict she's enlisted in, its There'll be a nation missin', an' that nation'll be - Chicago Tribune,

LITERARY NOTES.

I Zangwill has written an article for he Sunday School Times. This an-nouncement may be slightly startling to hose who are acquainted with that pub-ication and with Mr. Zangwill, but the This anubject on which he writes is the sec-nd Meses Moses Maimonides. There s am old Hebrew proverb concerning this sersonage which runs: "From Moses to Mores, there was none like Moses."

He sang of joys to which the earthly heart Hath never beat: he sang of deathless Youth, And by the throne of Love, Beauty and Truff Meeting, no more to part; The April number of Scribner's Magazine contains the beginning of Richard Harding bayis' new serial, "The King's Jackal," The scene is laid in Tangler, there is a banished king, an American He sang lest Hope, faint Fuith, and vain De girl, a prince and a newspaper cor-respondent-possibly Mr. Davis sat for his own portrait when it came to that last character. of Power, and Life, and winged Victory. He wang of bridges stroom 'beixt star and star. And hose all arm'd in light for blandless wor last, and repose on high;

Louis Becke, author of "His Native Wife," will soon publish a volume en-titled "Wild Life in Southern Seas."

There will be an edition de luxe, the works of Francis Porkman in twenty volumes among this month's publications, and it will be the work of lattle, Brown & Co. The same firm will soon publish a new edition de make of Alexander Dunnas, in the lifty volumes, which will be called the d'Artagnan edition.

Winston Churchill, the author of "Celebrity," is a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, was at one time an editorial writer on the Army and Navy Journal, and was later managing editor of the Cosmopolitan. He is now living in \$2, 1,000. living in St. Louis.

A new novel by Gertrude Atherto "American Wives and English Hus-bands," Is announced by Dodd, Mend &

It is reported that Thomas Hardy is at work on a long novel which will not resemble "Jude the Obscure." The pub-lic is interested, but doubtful. It has becan to think he cannot write any other

George W. Cable's new volume of sto-ries will deal with Northampton. With all the wealth of literary material in Mr. Cable's old field, it seems curlous that he should have left it to go to waste as he Beauty deceifful and favor vain!

Can it be for this twisted sack of bones.
Legends of passion were writ in pain,
And lustful meanchs forgot their thrones?
Be these the mangled wages of sin?
Did the tieser croach in this shrunken frame?
Could her silken sails and coherts win.
No haughtire fate for a storied name?
Do dreams recall ber those passened slaves,
Whose bornent instructed her sultry charms.
To walk sednetive the way of graves.
From Antony's pillou to Beath's grim arms?
Stolid she turns but a crambling ear!
She who was more than a Pagun's heaven!
Egypt as lebabed molders bere.
"Number six thousand eight handred and seven!"

— March Atlantic. should have left it to go to waste as he has. It also seems curious that the man who had written "Bras-Coupe," and "Bonaventure," "Madame Delphine," and "Posson Jone," should have written himself out so early. Nothing that Mr. Cable has published for the last fifteen years amounts to very much compared with these early terms. with those early gems.

Senator Hoar writes of the days of his boyhood in Concord, Mass, for the Youth's Companion. There will be a seof three articles published this

Charles F. Lummis' book, "The Awak-ening of a Nation," will be published soon by the Harpers. It deals with the modern history of Mexico, and is one of the most fuscinating books of its kind.

Walk thy broad boulevards from the moreony beat

Till myrind gas jets through the calm dust gleam;
See moonlight erown Napoleon's traver supreme;
Watch in the Lath Quarter's darkest street
From reveling in some cavernous retreat,
Strange student-shapes into the cool night streamYoung hungry gods of genius—or where beam
Lights of Lampeiakhin gardens; where is blown
White bot the fire of folly, to turn again.

Vet ever flies the spirit of my dream
To that high garreit, where, sick, blind, alone,
Lies Heine on his pallet prison of pain.

—March Scribner's. Zungwill's "Children of the Ghetto," is eing translated into French.

A new Quinnebasset book by Sophie May, is announced for publication by Lee & Shepard.

There is to be a "Comic History of Greece." It is written by a Mr. Snyder and is to be published by Lippincott's. Hall Caine is dramatizing "The Christian," and some people will wonder how

he dares.

There are people who say that they have found a new star in the group of Scotch novellats, and it is named Kirk Munro. Mr. Munro is a clever writer, but his work has unfortunately arrived a little too late for the wave of Scotch en-So dring, dear love, from this poor cup of mine? —Argony.

One of the filustrations in Grover
Flint's new book, "Marching with Gomez," portrays Gomez in a "characteristic attitude," and is accompanied by the
equally characteristic inscription. "I will
have the surgeon examine us and see
which is the sicker man, you or I." thing or two.

I'm never gay; I'm never bad; my life's a sacrifice.

A book by H. A. Guerber has just been issued, called "Legends of the Rhine."

If anybody doubts the fact that the Germe in the control of the said it unto er him to read the "Legend" of the un haritable Countess whom Heaven pun-ched by sending her three hundred and dxty-five children at a time,

Goodyear's History of Art is out in

A. J. Balfour has been making mournful remarks to the effect that there was no new material for the novelist. William Black does not agree with him. "So long as the world holds two men and a maid or two maids and a man." says the Highland wixard, "the novelist has abundance of material and the novel state. of material, and there is no need to starch. My dress is of the simplest; some have called it imperishable theater of the sen and the sky and the hills."

Quaktrespit, some have called it can be sky and the hills."

Quaktrespit, some have called it can be sky and the hills." unpicturesque.
It's been the same for many z year, because the can't afford

H. G. Wells, author of "The War of the To do is very indignant over the way n which some American newspapers which had the serial rights treated the local When Lent is here and people gay swear off a cook-thing or two.

But, on the whole, I think that I shall buy a which had the Serial rights realed the story. The newspapers inserted local features about the destruction of Brook-tyn Bridge, and so on. Says Mr. Wells: "Smart folk, these American journalists."

A book interesting to book-lovers is 'American Book Clubs; Their Beginning and History," by A. Growell. According to this author, book clubs have existed empared with four in the previous dethis line of book publishing.

"Studies of Good and Evil," by Prof. Josiah Royce, of Harvard University, is

If now appears that E. L. Voynich, author of "The Gadily," is really Edilly Woynicsz, her husband being a Pols. The name was changed to Voynich for convenience in promunciation. Mr. Woynicsz is a Pollsh patriot who escaped from exile in Siberia, and he said his wife, on account of his broken health, spend much time in Italy.

Cant. Gov. Barrows, and Doubleh, 66.

Capt. Guy Barrows, an Euglish officer who has lived for some years in the country of the pigmies in Central Africa. has written a book about them. It will be a book about them. It will lireport of some betting, No more than you.

Only Barrows, an Euglish officer and the fog replied: "Inquire of that inquisitor at your side."

Then I asked massift. But he knew, li report of some betting, No more than you.

Queen Victoria has been reading "A School for Saints." By the way, has any one thought to interview our President on his favorite among the books of the year?

Pierre Loti has written a play called, 'Jeanne Benausl.' The plot concerns the evocation of the Edict of Nantes.

"Eugene Field in his Home," by Miss Ida Comstock Below, sister of Mrs. Field, will be published this month.

Something rather interesting con Something rather interesting comes to hand with regard to Mr. W. J. Henderson, whose book, "What is Good Music?" was reviewed in these columns not long ago. The copy for the book was to be delivered on February I, and at half bast nine that morning the author came in with the manuscript. The publisher pathetically remarks that not many authors are so punctual, which gives one an in-sight into the woes of that much abused race, publishers. But then, Mr. Henderon is a newspaper man, and that difference. He is used to being on

Peter the Great is said to be the suc-The course of a fad is erratic.

CURRENT VERSE.

Crown'd there; great works, that on the earth

legan.

Accomplish'd; towers impregnable to man scaled with the speed of fire;

Let in the pauses of his inhilant color.

He leans to listen; answers from the spheres,
And mights parare thundering he sears.
Been the empresal whies:
Then sublenly be crased and seem'd to rest.
His god's lashion'd arm upon a slope.
Of this fair cloud, and with soft eyes of loope.
He pointed toward the West;

And shed on me a smile of beams, that fold the bright world beyond the thunder piles. With blessed fields, and hills, and happy isles, And citadels of gold.

At the Coronation.

The hetaids cried, "Long live the King!" In eliminations don'ts the throng replied; The little children came to sing; The gladness applied for and wide.

But underseath the leweled crown The King nor litted eye nor hand; His breev was furrosed with a from. His sudness blurred the smiling land.

For Jo! upon the tringing edge Of that wast crowd, the King discerned One, first who held his troken pledge, One whose hot sown his sin had carned.

A crime's wan ghost returned once more; He tared a shadowy judgment scal, And all the path grew dark before The monarch's shamed, victorious feet. —Margaret E. Sangster.

To Cleopatra's Mummy

Often in visions of the night I seem.
To pace thy avenues with enchanted feet;
Walk thy broad boulevards from the mid-day

"Drink Hael."

A Difficult Question for Lent.

ress exactly as I like and still to serve the Lord.

And so today I am perplexed to know what should do

gaudy dress.

As peranec, and in other ways go in for selfish-

Journey Fellows. I wondered who kept pure with me as I wundered through The mountain garges blue.

I said to the aspen leaves,

mountain side."
Then I said to the two,
The fiscing silvery multitudes of the rain,
"Who people the wiblerness."

es slow to the Summer's will?"

The Advertiser.

I am an advertiser great!

In letters hold and bug and round. The praises of my warres! sound—Prosperity is my estate.

The people come.

The people go,

In one continuous,
Surging flow—
They buy my peods and come again,
And I'm the happaset of men;
And this the reason I relate—
I am an advertiser great!

There is a shop across the way.
Where me'er is heard a human treadWhere trade is paralyzed and doad—
With ne'er a customer a day.
The people come,
The people go,
But never there—
There's such a slop bemath the skies,
Because he does not ailvertise;
While I with pleasure contemplate
That I'm an advertiser great!

The serret of my fortune lies
In one small fact, which I may state,
Tee many tradeamen learn too late
If I have goods, I advertise?
Then people come,
And people go
In constant streams,
For people know
That he who has good warms to sell
Will surely advertise them well;
And probainally I refresate,
I am an advertiser great!

—Engene Fig.

-Engene Field.

replied, ask our brother the fog on the out

And the leaves replied,

-Harper's Bazaar.

Song of an Angel. At noon a shower had fallen, and the clime Breathed sweetly, and upon a cloud there is One more unline in beauty than the Day, Or all the Sons of Time;

In which of Cooper's novely is mention made of a rifle shot that killed two birds in the air at the point where their lines of flight intersected? What kind of birds were they?

In his "Pathfinder," in Chapter XI, near the end of the chapter. The birts were gulls, and the Pathfinder, or Natty A gold harp had be, and was singing there. Songs that I yearn'd to hear, a glery come. Of rooy twilights on his checks—a zone. Of amazanth on his hair. tumppo, was the marksman.

Was not Speaker Crisp of Georgia the son of an ertor: 2. Was not Mrs. Crisp buried in Texas? i. Please give the priminetation of the name 'Hasti's R. G. W. He was, his brother, Harry Crisp, was also an actor, 2. We do not find any mention of Mrs. Crisp's burial place. 2. As if spelled "High-tee."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

How shall I put eggs down in lime for winter Get a good, dry barrel, place a layer of well-slacked lime on the bottom, then place a layer of eggs in it, small end down. Cover them with another layer of lime, and that with another layer of eggs, and so on alternately until the barrel is full or the eggs exhausted. Do not uncover more than you need for use at a over more than you need for use at a

Can the President of the United States declare for willout the consent of Congress! H. C. C. By Article I, section F, paragraph H, of the Constitution Congress alone can declare war—that is Congress must agree to declare war. But the President is a sert of Congress.

Please name the men who cowed the load, also be companies they belonged to, when Benedict trackl escaped to the British lines? I. C. C. Arnold escaped to the British lines? I. C. C. History does not give the names of these men. There were six of them, of whom James Larvey was coxawain. Larvey said afterwards that had he known what Arnold's business was on board the Vulture he would have rowed him there, and his reputation was such that he unslochtedly told the truth.

What is meant by costling in closes? What is be proper position on king and queen? W. A. O. Castling is to move the king from his Castling is to move the king from his own square two squares to the right or left and bring the castle to the square the king has passed over. The queen is not need, so it has no proper posi-tion. Castling is allowed only when neither the king nor castle has moved, when there is no piece between them and when the king is not in check and loes not in castling move through or nto check.

Who are exempt from military duty in case war? J. K. S. The Revised Statutes of the United The Revised Statutes of the United States, (section 1829 exempt these persons: "The vice-president, officers, judicial and executive, of the United States, members and officers of both houses of Congress, customs officers, postmasters, mail carriers, ferrymen at post roads, inspectors of exports, workmen in armories of the United States, officers, office pilots, sailors, and all persons who now are or may be exempted by the laws of the respective States."

Please tell me how to make a chemical lattery, and what chemicals are needed? C. A. C. Get a cell to start with. The simplest cell consists of a wide-mouthed lar, of porcelain. In this is put a solution of sulphuric acid and water in which sofution are placed two plates, one of sinc, the other of copper. These plates do not touch, but from the upper corner of each of them runs a wire. When the free ends of the wires are brought to-gether, an electric current is generated which is perceptible at the point of contact as an electric shock.

"Drink Hac!."

That herce Exception queen—and yet she threw they a pearl into the cup she quaffed.

A pale, cold, tasteless pearl. When I pledge you I'll cast the love I bear you in the wine.

"Drink hael." I'll say, "in this poor cup of mine!
Drink hael, dear love! Would that I could pour My wall into the cup fie you to drink,

And with that wine your fainting leart restore!
Drank hael, dear love—drink hael? The cup, I think Please name some of the most prominent hierale publications and their subscription proses? 2. Be there a Parisian weekly paper in English that gives the progress of the expedition of 1908, say a column or two every week? SIESCHBER.

The Wheel, the American Whestmann, the Wheelwoman, the L. A. W. Bulletin, all of New York city: the Cycling Gazette and the Referee, both of Chicago. They will give you the rates if you apply. There are others as prominent as these. 2. The Paris edition of the New York Herald and Guligmani's Messenger are the only English papers published in Paris. Neither gives the news that you are hooking for, and the French papers give in news at all. (Though all too poor), holds something else than I am so good the whole year round I don't know what to do When bent begins and people gay swear off a to news at all.

I love to give up comfort, aye, at any time of What test can one make to discover whether alum is used in a baking powder? K. M. In order that some other soul may find a bit of time is used in a balling porder?

Digest a quarter of an ounce of treatcut chips of logwood in five ounces of
methylated spirits for eight hours; a teaspoonful of this tincture is put with as uch saturated solution of carbonate of namonia into a wineglass of water, and the mixed solutions, which are of a pink solor, are poured into a plate. A sine of bread made with the suspected baking Instead of riding on a bike I mind the wayward chick of women poor who have to work so hard the long-day through:
That for their little babies they can find no time to do. powder is allowed to sook in the solution for five minutes; then it is placed on a clean plate to drain. In an hour or so it will become blue if alum is present, and In summer in the sweltering heat, amid the city's reenish if sulphate of copper is there. If there is neither alam nor cop bread loses the pink color which from the solution, but never becomes blue

> Who was Vice President under Arthur? 2. Who could succeed the Vice President should be siis?
> W. W. C. No one: there were various Presidents

of the Senate. 2. There is no provision or replacing the Vice President; 15 he be-omes incapanitated or dies the Senate hooses a presiding officer pro tempore.

What person said, in effect, "Let me make the sings of a nation and I sure not who makes its away". 2. Who street the foolish balled of "Libertee?" What revolution was it intrumental is causing 3. What songs marked the progress of the French Revolution, and how did they do

The name of the author of this prov-erb is not known. Fletcher of Saltoun, a Scotch writer who died in 1716, wrote the Marquis of Montrose that he "knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballacks of a nation, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." Whom Fletcher meant is not known. The words are ascribed to Lord Whart-m, the air to Henry Carey; it is said to have helped along the revolution of 1888. L. There were two songs especially during the French revolution: "The Marseillatse," and "Ca Ira." Of course, there were others, as "La Carmagnole," but the first two were the more fallous. helped along the revolution by exciting the mob.

Please give as nearly as you can the number of ives lost in France during the French revolu-ion; that is, from the breaking out of the revolu-ion to the formation of the empire; also an ap-roximate estimate of the amount of property serviced. J. B. J. The number of persons massacred in France during the "Reign of Terror" is much less than persons imagine, though quite large enough. It is estimated at about 4,000 in all France. The number of those who fell in battle during the wars between 1722 and 1831 may have been. wars between 1722 and 1831 may have been, on the part of France, about 100,000. There was no especial boss of property. Property rights were respected during or at all events were restored at the end of the republic. A German historian has come to the conclusion, from a study of the police returns of France for the revolution, that fewer than 1000 persons were massacred, and that the whole revolution was carried on by fewer than 10,000 persons. The great bulk of the French people were not subrived up, and things went on, as a stirred up, and things went on, as a c, about as usual.

Who was the first and who was the second govther of Virginia upon the settlement of the construction the English crown? VIRGINIAN. ony under the English crown? VIRGINIAN
From 1897 to 1893 the Virginia Company had only "presidents" of its colony.
Lord de in Warr, from 1898 to 1811, was the first to be called "governor." Gen. Yeardley was thestemant-governor for a time, and from 1898 to 1821 was the second person with the title of governor. The first "president," however, was Estward Winfield, 1897, the second, John Ratcliffe, 1897, the second, John Ratcliffe, 1897, the second, John Ratcliffe, 007-1008. These two presidents w

What properties of Calans are white people? 2. What is John B. Rochecller's address? J. G. Sixty-five per cent of Cuba's population is white Spaniaris and Creoter mostly. Besides the negroes, there is a considerable number of coolies, 2. 2 Broadway, New York.